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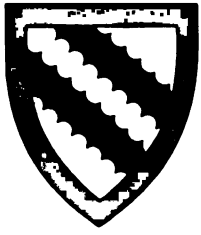

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Memorial of

Mrs. Catharine Waldo Douglas.

—A—

DISCOURSE,

Delivered at the funeral of

MRS. CATHARINE WALDO DOUGLAS,

—AT—

Trenton, Oneida County, New York,

FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1878,

—BY THE—

REV. THOMAS THOMAS,

—WITH AN—

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH OF HER LIFE

—BY THE—

REV. JOHN A. TODD, D.D.

Published by Request.

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1879.

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D73nv

SO when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

MRS. CATHARINE WALDO DOUGLAS, whose character and life, in her various relations of daughter, wife, mother, and friend, are so appropriately commemorated in the following pages, was descended from an old and honorable stock. Her father, Calvin Waldo, bearing two remarkable and suggestive names, traced his lineage back to the celebrated Peter Waldo, or, as the French were accustomed to call him, Pierre de Vaux, an opulent citizen of Lyons, who became immortal in history as the founder of the Waldenses or Vaudois. They were a noble band of Reformers, to whom the Christian world owes a debt of gratitude which it can never forget.

Calvin Waldo, was born at Mansfield, Connecticut, March 12th, 1759. He graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1785, after which he studied law with Judge Sedgwick, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. In 1798, he removed to Dalton, in the same State, where he practised his profession, and from which he was for several years a representative at

the General Court in Boston. His wife, whose maiden name was Judith Graves, was born at Hatfield, Massachusetts, in 1764.

The subject of this sketch, Catharine Waldo, their third child and daughter, was born at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, March 17th, 1791. No features of her character were more striking in childhood and youth, than her gentle loveliness of spirit, and the reverence and fond affection which she always manifested toward her parents. At the age of six she was placed under the tuition of Miss Nancy Hinsdale, who, for a long period, was a teacher in Miss Willard's Seminary at Troy, N. Y., where she died at an advanced age not many years ago. Miss Hinsdale retained an honorary position in that Seminary up to the time of her death. The attachment thus early formed between the scholar and the teacher, continued unbroken to the end of life. Catharine was afterwards sent, with her sisters, to the Academy at Westfield, Mass., a school of high reputation, where she enjoyed excellent advantages, and where she won the esteem and love of all who knew her. One of the most vivid memories of this early portion of her life, was the burning of her father's house at Pittsfield, in 1797, an event to which she frequently recurred in later years, and their consequent removal to Dalton.

In 1808 her mother died, leaving a large family, the youngest being only two years old. Much of

the care of these younger children devolved, of course, upon Catharine. Although she was but seventeen herself, the responsibility developed in her thus early that depth of love and maternal tenderness which so wonderfully characterized her through life. She became, at the same time, her father's trusted confidant and friend. In 1809, however, her father was married a second time, to Mrs. Clarissa Dwight Whitney, of Westfield, Massachusetts. Catharine accepted the new relation in a most becoming and lovely spirit. A large family of new brothers and sisters were added to her own, and the attachment which grew up in her heart toward them was, through long lives, warmly reciprocated by them all.

Placed as she was in these new relations, it is interesting to read, at this distance of time, the testimony in regard to her spirit and demeanor, given by a member of the household who had daily occasion to observe her in all her ways. The following letter from Mrs. Sarah Whitney Marsh, who is still living, was written from North Amherst, Mass., July 2d, 1878. It is a loving tribute from one who enjoyed her companionship and inspiring influence in early life. Mrs. Marsh says:

"In the death of Mrs. Catharine Waldo Douglas, I feel that I have parted, for a little season, with one of my best and most valued friends. A few days before my thirteenth birthday, with my mother and two others of her children, I entered her father's

house as a daughter and sister. It was a very large family—two families, indeed, blended into one—many sons and daughters, one grand-mother and one grand-child. There were about twenty in all, much of the time the first year. With my ardent temperament and my childhood inexperience, I soon found, in my new situation, I needed just such a friend and counsellor as my dear sister Catharine. Her warm heart ever flowing out in good words and wishes, she was ready to listen to the recital of my girlhood perplexities and misadventures. As she was more than five years my senior, 'and to the manor born,' I held her judgment in high esteem. She was sympathetic, candid and unselfish. I could sometimes go to her rather than to my dear mother, whom I tenderly loved, and for whom I cherished an exalted opinion. Indeed, it was said she resembled my mother in character; there was a gentle, dignified self-possession characteristic of both. She was a favorite at home, and in the village no young lady was held in so high estimation. She was ever ready to seek out the sorrowing, and to care for the sick and poor.

When at a later date she became a wife and head of a family, and took the difficult station of second mother, I think her influence for good was almost unparalleled. I often visited in her beautiful home at Trenton, and think she won more golden opinions than any one I know. She was a woman

of prayer, and prayed much with and for others. When a widow she conducted family worship herself. She was very fond of children, of flowers, and of poetry, and was tasteful in everything. Her house was the happy gathering place for all the children and children's children, and for other friends. I thank my God I have this beautiful memory of her —'tis almost like the living presence; and I humbly hope to spend eternity with her in heaven."

During the three years previous to her dear father's death, he was in a slow decline. Catharine was his companion, his secretary, his nurse. She rode with him, took several long journeys with him through New England in a chaise, and her love, her reverence, and her devotion to him ceased only with her life. He died August 25th, 1815, passing away unexpectedly to his friends. On the following Sabbath both the father and the daughter had intended to make a public profession of their faith in Christ, and to sit down together at the table of the Lord. The father was called to go up higher, and the daughter went forward alone, to seal her consecration at the sacramental board.

On June 12th, 1817, a new relation was formed. Miss Waldo was married to James Douglas, of Trenton, Oneida county, New York, by this event becoming a second wife and mother to a family of seven children. Beautifully did she accept the position. With a heart full of hope and trust, she went for-

ward, endeavoring to do the work committed to her hands. She was so kind, so cordial, her piety was so simple and sincere, her convictions of right so strong, and her determination to adhere to them so unswerving, that her daily life was an impulse to all around her. God blessed her as the happy instrument of giving to his Church, the five daughters she had received as her own, and her husband—whose faith was so different from hers when they were married—was at length won over to accept and to love her Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. He united with the Presbyterian Church by a public profession in 1829.

In 1831, Mrs. Douglas became the founder of a Maternal Association. Ever watchful and active in doing good, she gathered the children of all denominations into the infant school, and taught the little ones to sing God's praise. And thus her life passed on, filled with prayer, and filled with thanksgiving. Awake to all the beauties of the outer world, she drank in its sunshine, she listened to its singing birds, she gathered and she strewed its fragrant flowers along all the paths of life.

In 1851 her husband was suddenly called away from earth, leaving her in the overwhelming sorrow of bereavement, but the God in whom she had always trusted, was faithful to his promises now. His grace was sufficient for her, his strength was made perfect in her weakness. And no small part of her comfort did she find in the service of Christian love and

well-doing to others. As her memory became less vigorous with the flight of years, her heart overflowed with a never-failing fountain of kindness and affection, so that it seemed like a benediction even to be with her.

She had long been in the habit of keeping a diary, in which she wrote down sometimes the events of the day that specially concerned her, and sometimes the thoughts and feelings that had occupied her mind and heart. At last, however, under the increasing weight of infirmities, she was obliged to give it up, so that after the year 1873 there are no further entries in her diary to be found. But her ruling spirit, as shown in loving devotion to God, her Heavenly Father, and in tender desire for the salvation of kindred and friends, and indeed of all around her, is brought out in clear and attractive light in the brief entries written by her in 1871 and 1872. Of these the following may serve as examples: —

"March 17, 1871—Friday—Have had as comfortable a night as I could expect. Have this day entered upon my eightieth birth-day. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me through long years of my life, and I would bless the name of the Lord forever. I would dwell under the shadow of his wings, and in the secret place of the Most High. I renewedly dedicate to thee, my God, and to thy service, all that I have, soul and body, for time and

eternity. My heart's desire and prayer to my God and Saviour is that my sons and daughters may live before the Lord—children and grand-children."

"April 2—New York—I am still an invalid, and confined mostly to my bed. I have great cause for gratitude to my Heavenly Father, that my life is still prolonged. Oh that it may be spent to his glory, and the salvation of precious souls! 'Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah!'"

"April 16—Tarrytown—Have put my things into my trunk to leave in the morning. May the Good Spirit take possession of the hearts of the dear ones I leave behind, to dwell richly in them, imparting wisdom and grace. May the dear sweet babe early receive the image of her Saviour in her young heart. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!'"

The deep sincerity and earnestness of spiritual feeling, so manifest in these words, were marked characteristics of her closing years, as they had been of all her previous life. They bear witness to her as a dear child of God, guileless and loving in all her ways.

From the winter of 1870 and 1871, the strength of Mrs. Douglas seemed to decline. On her return from New York, in May, she did not resume the cares of her household, and never indeed took them up again. Her place at the head of the table she filled with pleasure and efficiency, until she entered her eighty-first year, and even then resigned it ap-

parently but for a limited season. So lightly did the coming events throw their shadow upon her path.

Although in June, 1873, a painful attack of neuralgia in the head, of four weeks' duration, impaired her memory, she still kept up the family altar and the habit of grace at the table, so that those about her were unconscious almost to the last that she was passing from them. Filled with the continual sense of God's love and goodness, in pain always patient, and sweetly enduring, it was a joy to be with her, and to feel the inspiring influence of such a life. Only a few days before her last illness when requested to say grace at the table, she went beyond the usual limit and offered a long and fervent prayer. The desire for the salvation of her children had so completely taken possession of her mind that she yielded to its impulse almost without being aware of it, and spontaneously poured out her soul in deeply earnest petitions to God.

A character so peculiar in its symmetry and spiritual beauty, and so warmed with Christian love, could not but have made a deep impression upon others, and drawn out their sincerest admiration and regard. The writer of these lines can testify to his own cherished memories of Christian association with her in the house of God, at the residence of her son in Tarrytown at different times during the later years of her life, and especially at her own beautiful home at Trenton, Oneida county, New

York, where in August, 1877, he enjoyed the privilege of being a guest. It was a visit that will leave its pleasant impression as a long-continued fragrance in his heart.

So her life passed on to its close, filled with the spirit of her Saviour, useful to others, and bright and happy to herself. When she drew near to the river of death she still continued to love and to pray. Toward the close, in her deep fervor of supplication, she exclaimed: "God has been good to me all my life. I shall pray for my dear children as long as I live. My dear children, how I love you!" Even at the very last, when apparently unconscious, sweet expressions such as, "Jesus—white robes—love," were the words that passed from her lips, ere they were closed to speak no more on earth. Thus, on Saturday, March 23d, 1878, at the age of eighty-seven years and six days, the long life-journey came to its end, and she was not, for God took her.

So beautifully did she sleep in death, that it seemed hard to yield the grave its own. As she lay in her casket, clothed in her wrappings of fleecy white, the same sweet smile and expression which for many years had endeared her very presence to her children and friends, still lit up her peaceful face. As the eye looked into the spirit realm, it could almost see the dear sainted mother there, clothed in those shining robes of white, which had so often been the theme of her conversation in life, and which

she so fully believed would be her own beyond the river of death—see her there, among those ransomed ones on the mount of God, singing the new song which the angels can never sing, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and has redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

On a lovely spring day, bright and fragrant with the resurrection of nature from its wintry sleep, her children and friends gathered at her now desolate home to pay their last affectionate offering of respect. Some sweet, favorite hymns of hers were sung, reverently and tenderly the stricken company bowed together in prayer, and then the tribute to her memory and worth to be found on the ensuing pages was given by her beloved Pastor.

In silence and with many tears, all of her that was mortal was borne from her late home by her sons and grand-sons, and committed to the grave, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, to await the glorious resurrection at the last day. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

DISCOURSE.

The tribute to the memory and worth of Mrs. Douglas, referred to in the preceding sketch, was delivered by her pastor, the Rev. Thomas Thomas, to a large assembly of friends and neighbors, at her late residence in Trenton, N. Y., on Friday, March 29, 1878. He took as the basis of his discourse the words of Paul in Philippians, 1:21, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." After an appropriate introduction he presented in clear and impressive development the chief points of practical interest and value, which the passage naturally suggested, and the occasion required. In showing how Christ is the life of his people, the Rev. Mr. Thomas considered him in relation to all spiritual or Christian life among men, as 1st—Its Author; 2nd—Its End; 3d—Its Model; and 4th—Its quickening Impulse. Having thus unfolded the sense and spirit of his text he proceeded to speak in the following words, which are as true as they are kind and tender:

Seeing, then, that Christ was at once the Author, the End, and the Model of Paul's life, and his

love its inspiring Motive, with what truth and propriety could he say, "To me life is Christ."

With equal truth and propriety, he could and did add, "and death is gain." The latter clause is but the corollary of the former, dependent on it, inseparably connected with it. Conscious that Christ was his life, and confident that death was gain, he had long been willing to become "absent from the body, and present with the Lord." And here we are reminded what he considered death to be—simply, absence from the body, and presence with the Lord. If so, there is the absence also of everything of a painful nature consequent on presence in the body. They who have gone forth from the body, having lived to Christ, while present in it, have "gone up from all tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. There shall be no more sorrow, nor sighing, nor pain. God has wiped away all tears from their eyes." If such is death, absence from the body, and presence with the Lord—with him who is the life of all his followers, then who can estimate or calculate its amount as gain; being, in fact, neither more nor less than the attainment of that "more abundant" life he came to give? Present with him! How must that life grow and flourish! Like a plant removed from cold and darkness, into the genial light and warmth of the sun, it must put on far brighter and

more lovely hues than was possible amidst the gloom and chilling blasts of this lower world. If beholding his glory here, as seen through a glass darkly, has power to change the soul into the same image, how complete and glorious the transformation there — where he is ever present, seen as he is, "the King in his beauty!" Present with him, whom having not seen they loved; how must that love glow, what force and fervor it must acquire there, where he is seen, and where the unsearchable riches of his love are unfolded, and unfolding for evermore! If "joy unspeakable and full of glory," can be produced by faith in him while absent and unseen, what must it be to dwell in the radiance of his glory as it floods and pervades, like a summer sunshine, the whole world of ransomed souls! From that world, there come to us here, as to John in Patmos, strains calm, sweet, and sublimely beautiful, saying, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, for they shall rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." "To die is gain." The sentence comes to us to-day with a new force, as from the lips of a new, but known and faithful witness.

I need not say why I selected this passage of scripture as the basis of my remarks on this occasion. While I have been speaking, two figures have been almost constantly before my mind, Paul, the great Apostle and model Christian, in the distance, and nearer,

that noble Christian woman, the loved and honored friend and mother, who has just left us, striving, in her own sphere, to follow him, as he followed Christ. I have no hesitation in expressing my belief, that the words might have been taken as her life's motto,—that they might have been inscribed, as the running title, on every page of her daily life. And yet, in speaking of her—of her life and character, I feel a degree of restraint, a restraint imposed by my regard to what I am sure would have been her wish, had she been consulted. Were I to attempt anything that might properly be called an eulogy of her, I feel as though I might almost expect to be checked, by a gentle touch of her hand, or a kind, but deprecating look; and to hear her voice, tremulous with emotion, saying, "Not unto us! not unto us! but unto him that loved us!" No; her unfeigned humility, her delicate and sensitive modesty and piety, would not permit us to place a wreath upon her brow, or, ere it touched her brow, she would take it and cast it at her Saviour's feet.

But there are other claims that certainly should not be disregarded—the claims of that Saviour, who made her life, as well as Paul's, what it was; and of Christianity, which, in his life, received such a full and complete, and in hers, so rare and beautiful an exemplification. And my wish is, that what I have said or may say, commendatory of her life and character, should be understood as said to the Saviour's

praise, and in commendation of Evangelical religion. Catharine Waldo Douglas was a native of Pittsfield, Mass. When she was but a child, her parents removed from Pittsfield to Dalton, where they both died and were buried. Born of religious parents, hers was the precious privilege of receiving religious training and instruction in childhood and youth. And it has been a pleasure to picture her while yet a child, or little maiden, going to the house of God, in company with her parents and other children, and sitting there beneath the sound of the glorious Gospel, listening with an attentive mind, a receptive heart, and tearful eyes, to the touching story, so old, and yet so new, of the "man of sorrows," till lured, won and drawn to sit, like Mary, at his feet, and lean on his Cross, as the only resting place of a burdened and contrite spirit. This, I believe, is not mere fancy. We know that when about seventeen years old, she became a member of the Congregational Church at Dalton. Then, in the beautiful bloom of her youth, she gave her heart to God, and declared herself a follower of the Lamb. And what goes far to prove the correctness of the picture is, the firmness of her religious principles, the strength — I might almost say, the maturity, of her Christian character, when she first became known to the inhabitants of Trenton. That was in the year 1817, when she was married to Mr. Douglas, and came with him to this house, this home, which, for upwards of sixty years she made so

attractive and so delightful; and which she has but just left, but left only for that home still more delightful—her Father's house above. None that knew her can doubt that when she came, she came with the high and holy resolution to be, and earnest prayer that she might be enabled to be, in the new and important sphere she was entering, "a living epistle of Christ"—a living witness of his saving grace and power. Her prayers were heard. Such an epistle she was. That epistle was read, and its effects became manifest. Her life, permeated by the spirit of her Divine Master, and adorned by meekness, gentleness and Christian love—the steady exhibition in her life, of a devout regard to the will of God as her law, of delight in his Word, and in all religious exercises, combined with the sweetness and serenity of her spirit, amidst the cares and little vexations and annoyances of life, became a power deeply felt by those who witnessed it—an argument, the force of which they could not evade, that Christianity is not mere form and pretence, but a living power of inestimable worth. In her manner of working for Christ and his Kingdom, there was nothing obtrusive, imposing, or ostentatious. It was remarkably gentle and quiet. But such are some of the most potent agencies that are known. Think of the dew—refreshing the parched and thirsty ground, and clothing it with verdure and beauty; but falling so gently that the most tender blade of grass and delicate

flower is not bruised. Think of the morning light, rousing and raising all nature as from death to life, without in the least startling or disturbing the sleeping babe. These are fit emblems of those who are "the light of the world, and salt of the earth," of whom, we are very confident, she was one.

As illustrative of her influence, I hope I may, without offence, mention some facts communicated to me, many years ago, by parties who were in no way connected with this family. When she came here, her religious principles were subjected to a severe test. But hers was a "house founded on a rock." Not only was she enabled to remain firm and steadfast in her adherence to Evangelical truth, and in her loving trust in Christ, as her Saviour, but was made by him the instrument of leading the husband and father, and the greater number of the children, to receive the same truth, to trust and rejoice in the same Saviour. Let us accept it as a proof of God's fidelity to his promise, "Them that honor me, I will honor."

I shall take the liberty to mention one thing I noticed very soon after coming to this place. I mention it because I think it may be of some benefit to others, while it serves to show the fusing, cementing and assimilating power of her love. There were two families—children of the same father, but not of the same mother. But if a stranger had been left to discover that fact, by the perception of any difference

in her feelings and conduct towards them, or in theirs towards her, or towards each other, I question whether he ever would have made the discovery.

The light that shone with such beneficent effect in her own household, was not confined to it, like that in a room with doors and shutters closed, and curtains drawn; it rather resembled that which shines through open doors and windows, and lights the pathway of those without. How many, seeing that light, were guided by it and led, more or less directly, to glorify their Father in Heaven, he only knows, and will, in his own time, reveal. How often might she be seen beside the sick and the dying, not simply to express her sympathy, but, if possible, to impart consolation, or inspire hope, by directing the mind to Jesus and his love.

The love of the pure and the beautiful in nature, which gave her so much delight, appeared in her case enhanced and ennobled by a higher love. The rose and the lily derived additional loveliness from association with him who is "the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley." The pleasure she took in gathering, arranging and presenting to others the flowers she so much loved, was characteristic of her, indicative of her thorough unselfishness, her generous wish that others might share the pleasure which she herself enjoyed.

There was no quality of her character more remarkable than her love for children. This, while

it could hardly be called maternal love, seemed to partake of all its tenderness and fervor. She loved to gather them about her, and they loved to be gathered, and to listen—while, in her own gentle, pleasant manner, she would tell them something adapted, not only to please and gratify them for the time being, but also to benefit them for all time and eternity; and many there are who will never forget the impressions she thus produced on their young and tender hearts. But, may we not here recognize the Spirit of her Divine Master—the Good Shepherd who "gathers the lambs in his arms, and carries them in his bosom?" This strong, and constantly flowing current of love to children, received additional force, as well as its character and direction, from the deep and strong under-current of the love of Christ in her heart.

Her patience, even cheerfulness in affliction, her gratitude for every little attention, service or assistance rendered, the generous impulses of her loving heart, retaining all its wealth and fervor to the last, how have all these things endeared her to those whose privilege it has been to be near her in her last days on earth. I feel that it is a privilege, but one to which much responsibility is annexed, to have had such a neighbor; much more to have had such a friend; but how much more to have had such a mother! May the blessed Saviour, who made her life what it was, enable you, her children, to follow

her, as she followed Christ—make her life to you, and to us all, an inspiring example, that our lives may become more pure, more Christ-like, more peaceful; and death prove to us, as to her, the greatest gain.

She, "being dead, yet speaketh;"—absent, and yet how near! This house, this hall, these apartments, those surrounding grounds—what hallowed associations have they all! What fond memories of the past will they awaken! How suggestive of her devotion, her counsels, her prayers, and the yearnings of her heart for the joy of seeing all the children whom God gave her, walking in the truth! You will say, here she used to retire with her Bible and her Hymn Book, to hold communion with her God. Here she spent portions of her Sabbath in instructing a young or an aged domestic in the way of life. Here she gathered us when children, drawing us by the magnetic power of her purity and love, from pleasures she did not approve, and prayed with us before we left. What room, what spot will not seem fragrant with the incense of her prayers? And when the thought, at once so painful, and yet so sweet comes, She is not here, but with her God and Saviour, can the breathings of your hearts be any other than:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

AND I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever.

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it could hardly be called maternal love, seemed to partake of all its tenderness and fervor. She loved to gather them about her, and they loved to be gathered, and to listen—while, in her own gentle, pleasant manner, she would tell them something adapted, not only to please and gratify them for the time being, but also to benefit them for all time and eternity; and many there are who will never forget the impressions she thus produced on their young and tender hearts. But, may we not here recognize the Spirit of her Divine Master—the Good Shepherd who " gathers the lambs in his arms, and carries them in his bosom ? " This strong, and constantly flowing current of love to children, received additional force, as well as its character and direction, from the deep and strong under-current of the love of Christ in her heart.

Her patience, even cheerfulness in affliction, her gratitude for every little attention, service or assistance rendered, the generous impulses of her loving heart, retaining all its wealth and fervor to the last, how have all these things endeared her to those whose privilege it has been to be near her in her last days on earth. I feel that it is a privilege, but one to which much responsibility is annexed, to have had such a neighbor; much more to have had such a friend; but how much more to have had such a mother! May the blessed Saviour, who made her life what it was, enable you, her children, to follow

her, as she followed Christ—make her life to you, and to us all, an inspiring example, that our lives may become more pure, more Christ-like, more peaceful; and death prove to us, as to her, the greatest gain.

She, "being dead, yet speaketh;"—absent, and yet how near! This house, this hall, these apartments, those surrounding grounds—what hallowed associations have they all! What fond memories of the past will they awaken! How suggestive of her devotion, her counsels, her prayers, and the yearnings of her heart for the joy of seeing all the children whom God gave her, walking in the truth! You will say, here she used to retire with her Bible and her Hymn Book, to hold communion with her God. Here she spent portions of her Sabbath in instructing a young or an aged domestic in the way of life. Here she gathered us when children, drawing us by the magnetic power of her purity and love, from pleasures she did not approve, and prayed with us before we left. What room, what spot will not seem fragrant with the incense of her prayers? And when the thought, at once so painful, and yet so sweet comes, She is not here, but with her God and Saviour, can the breathings of your hearts be any other than:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

AND I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever.

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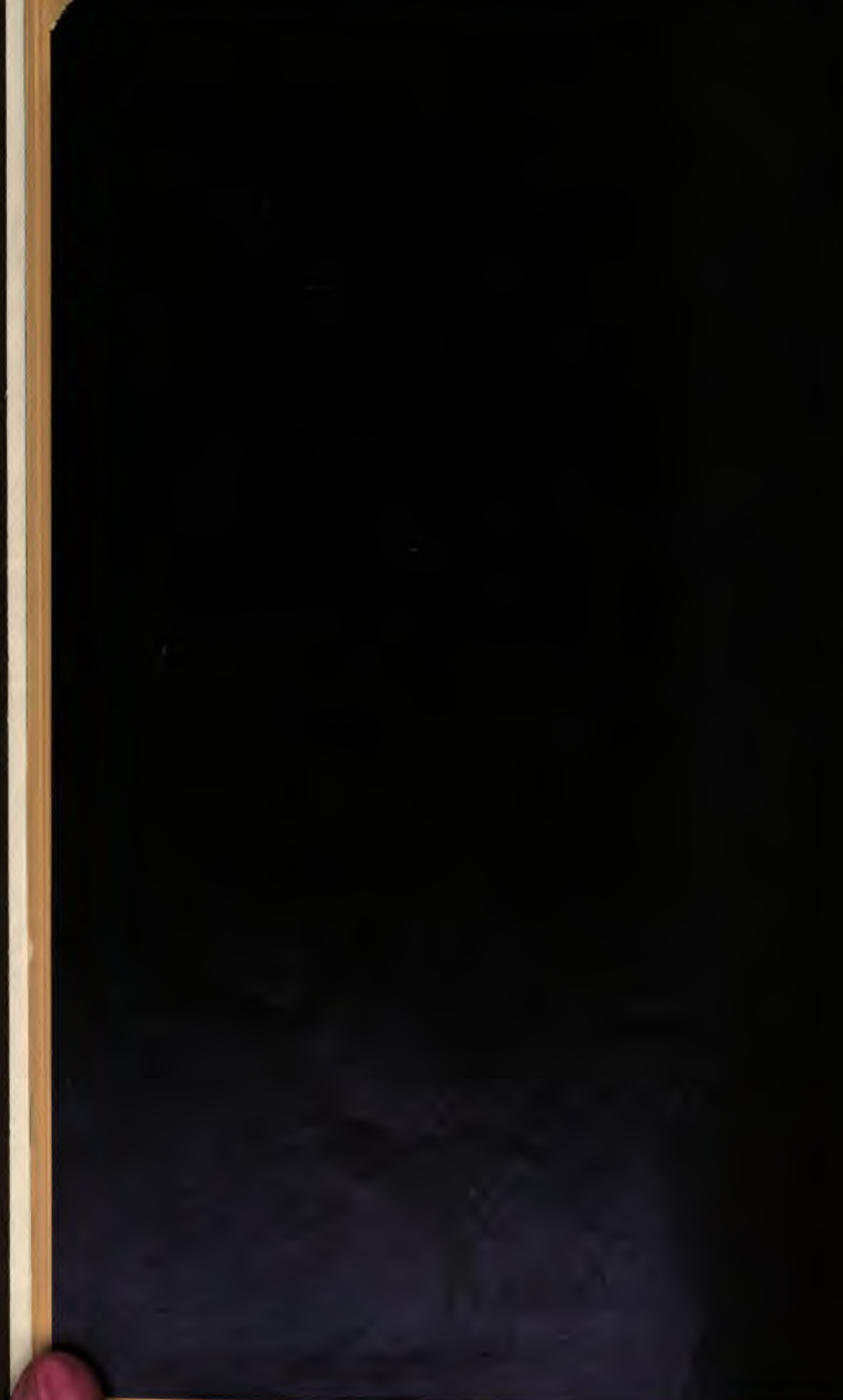

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